

Silent House

The Fixx

Oh, the stirring memories of this place
Warm seclusion, like the peace of its embrace
Like a temple, so serene and full of grace
I feel the comfort of this place

Calm on the surface, but still water runs so deep
Undercurrents like the little secrets that you keep
We all suffer, but are we born to repeat?
Sweet surrender in release

I chase the ghosts from this silent house
I hear their cries for help

Oh, temptation, well, I was born a libertine
If there's a lesson, it's only me that sets me free
Hiding eyes so aware of what they've seen
I'll face the music and the scene

Chase the ghost from my silent house
I hear their cries for help
Chase the ghost

Hallowed ground steeped in the ages
Safe, profound, now come cradle the orb
Sight and sound, the magic surrounds me
I'm letting go

I chase the ghost from my silent house
I hear their cries for help
Chase the ghost from this silent house

Stirring
Memories of this place
Still in the silent house